



ADULTS ONLY \$5.00

HOLLYWOOD HUSTLER NO.1



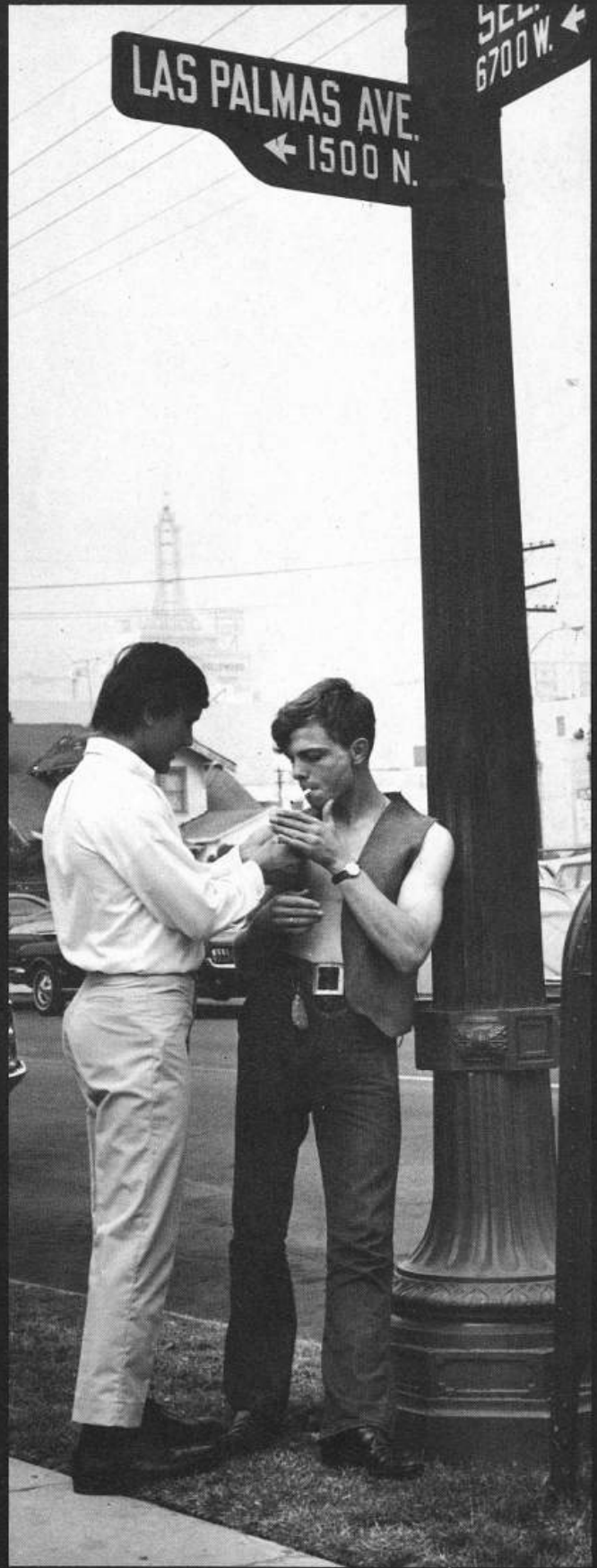
NOT FOR SALE TO MINORS

HOLLYWOOD HUSTLER

HOLLYWOOD HUSTLER No. 1, February-March, 1970. Published bi-monthly and copyright, ©1970 by Phenix Publishers, Ltd., 3511 Camino Del Rio South, San Diego, California 92120, this is an educational publication of cultural and sociological commentary and documentation, dedicated to the belief that the practice of physical nudity, in private or in the company of others sharing or sympathetic to this belief, whether for relaxation, exercise, or other ends of good health, or for dramatic or documentary demonstration of nudist principles and ideals within the artistic framework of print and film, is a vital and necessary adjunct to life if full personal and community health of body and mind is to be achieved. NB: Needless to say, names of individuals and locations used in the photographic portions of this periodical may often be disguised in the text to prevent the misoriented in our society from singling them out for undesired attention, defamation, and/or ridicule. Printed and bound in U.S.A.

Companionship and affection are basic human needs. That means that if you don't have them you can go crazy. Most people have it hacked. They have all the affection and companionship they can use. They have friends or buddies or relatives around them all the time. They talk about privacy. They want to be left alone. They wouldn't want it so bad if they really knew what being alone is.

The trouble is that you really can't describe loneliness to somebody who hasn't known it. It's like describing "blue" to a blind man. What makes it worse is that everybody I ever met thinks he knows what loneliness is. Guys sing songs about it and write about it. And then the other guy who hears that song or reads those words thinks he knows what it's all about. He doesn't.

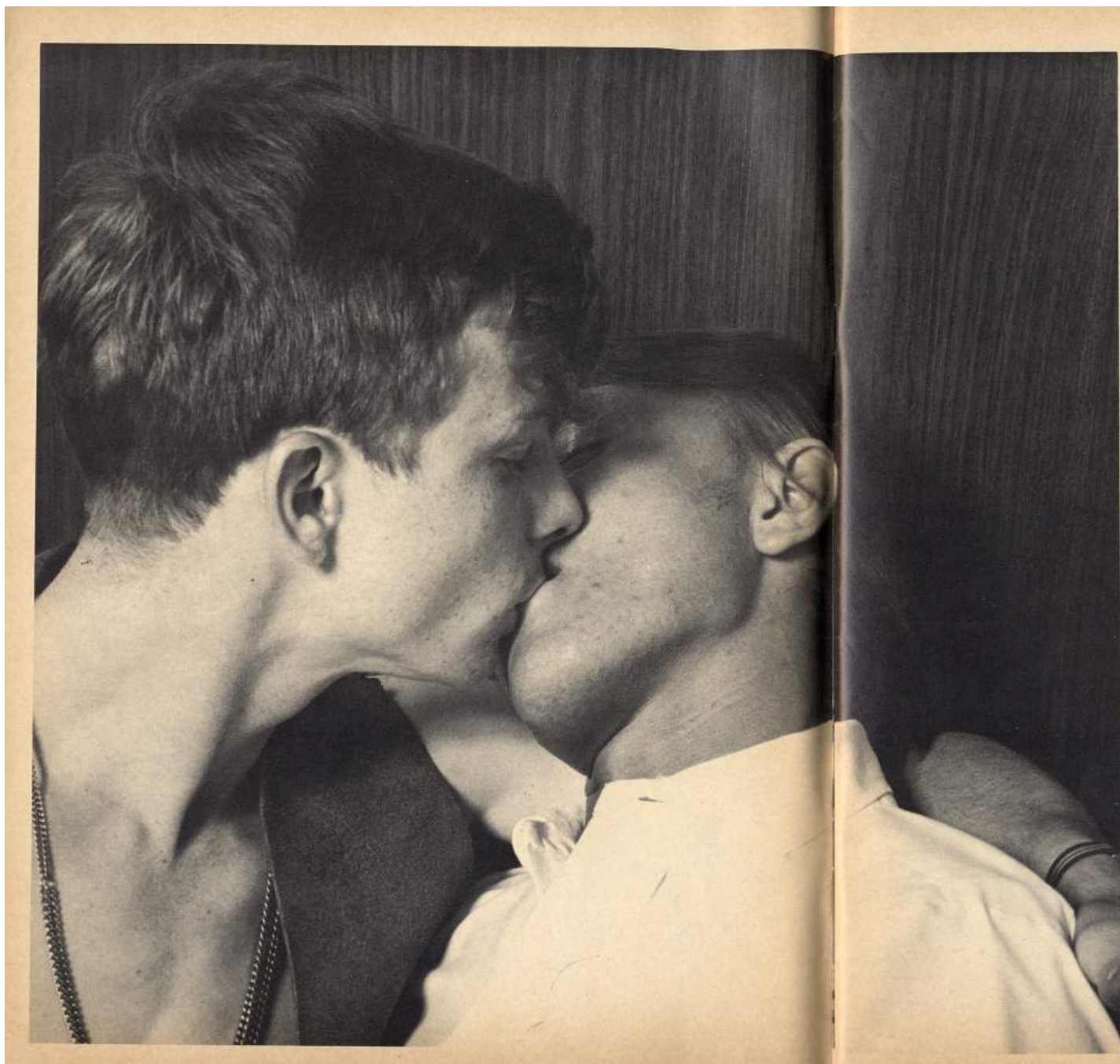


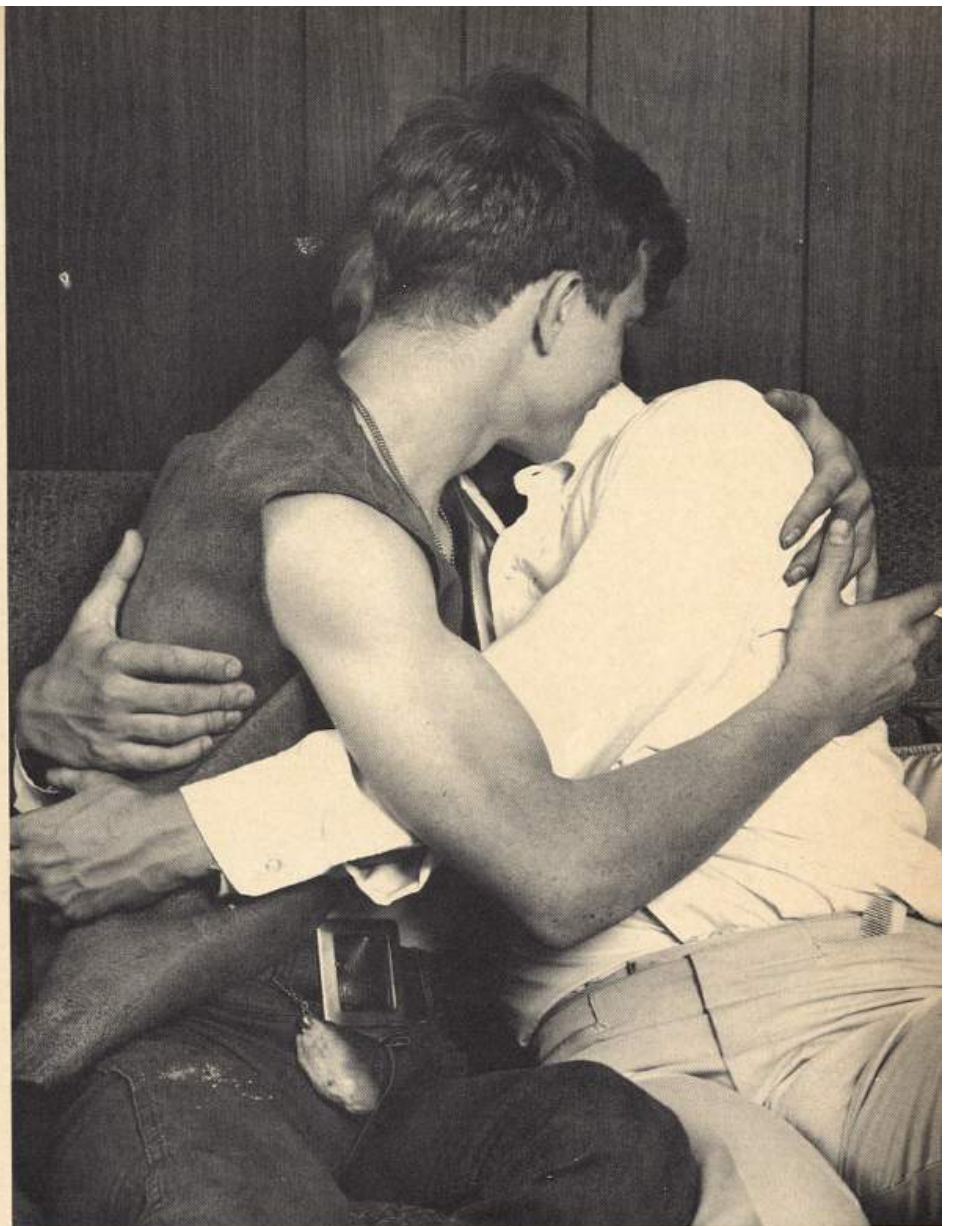


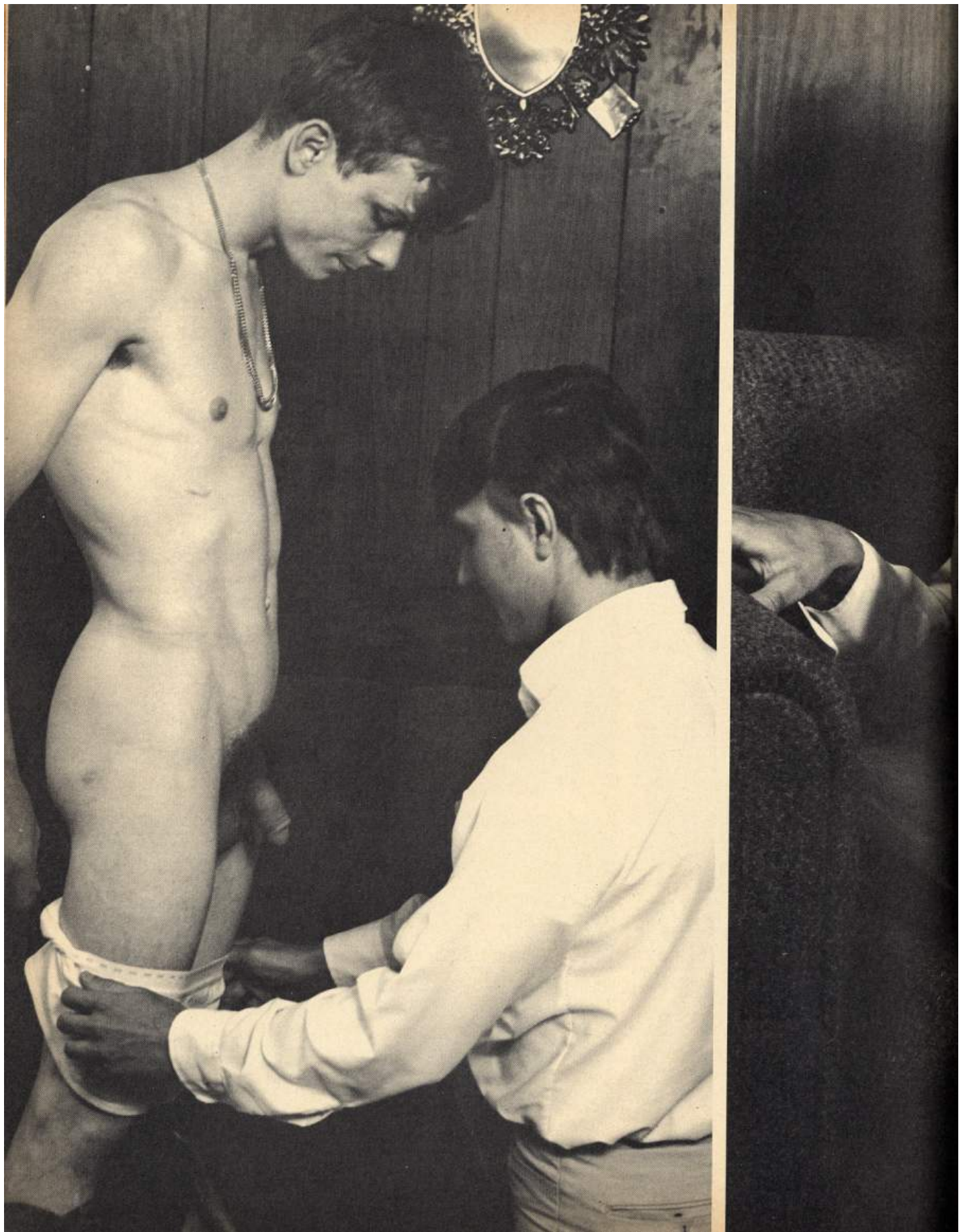


I guess a lot of people think that the worst kind of loneliness would be like their whole family dying. Well, that's pain and maybe grief, sure! But then they have friends or neighbors who come by and say how sorry they are and give you a drink to help you forget.

What's really lonely is that time after you've said goodbye to everybody who you ever cared anything about or anybody who ever gave a damn about you. You're in a strange city—a big city—where you don't know a soul. Then the only thoughts you have are thoughts you had before. You tell your mind to shut up because you already









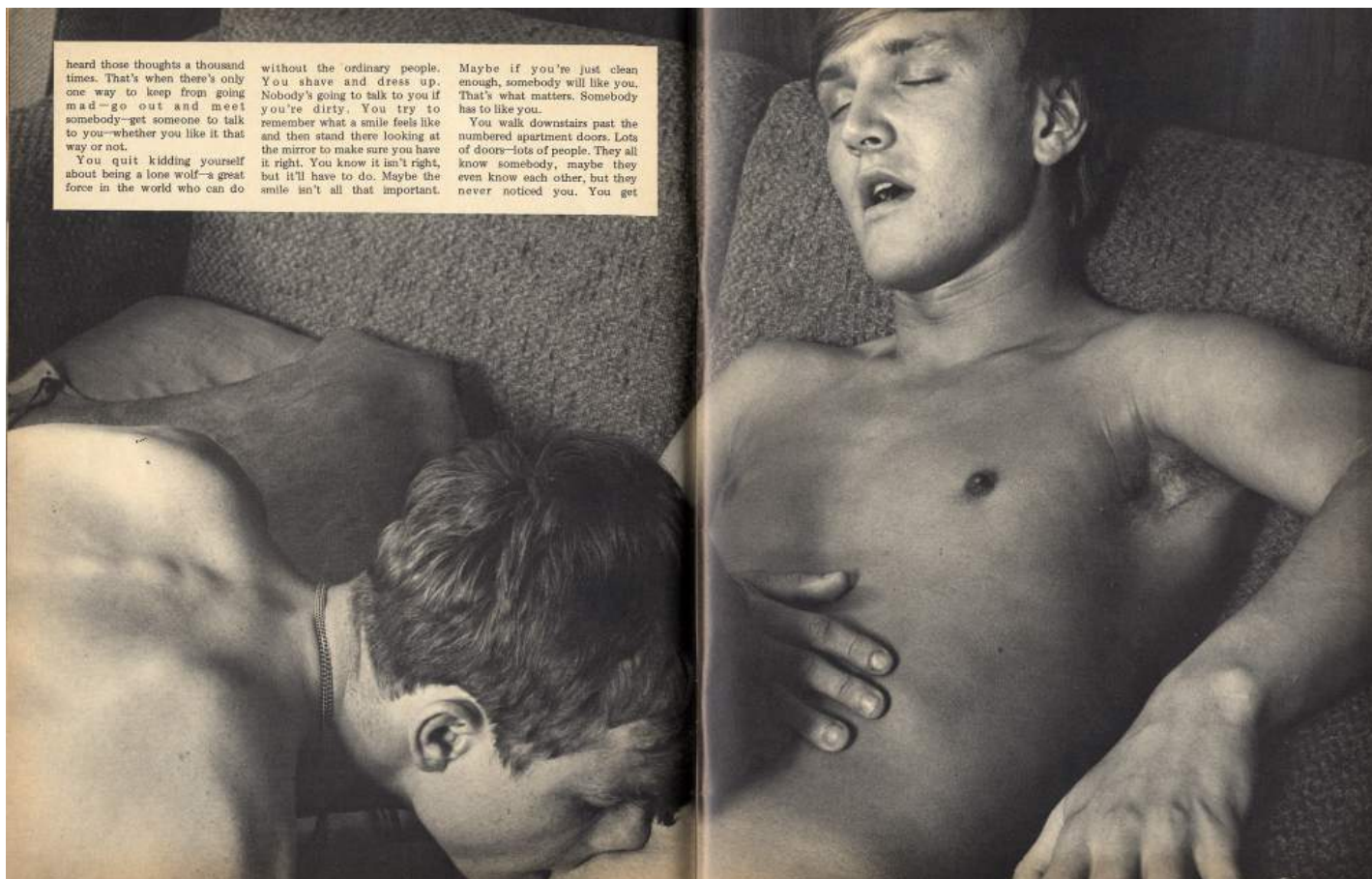
heard those thoughts a thousand times. That's when there's only one way to keep from going mad—go out and meet somebody—get someone to talk to you—whether you like it that way or not.

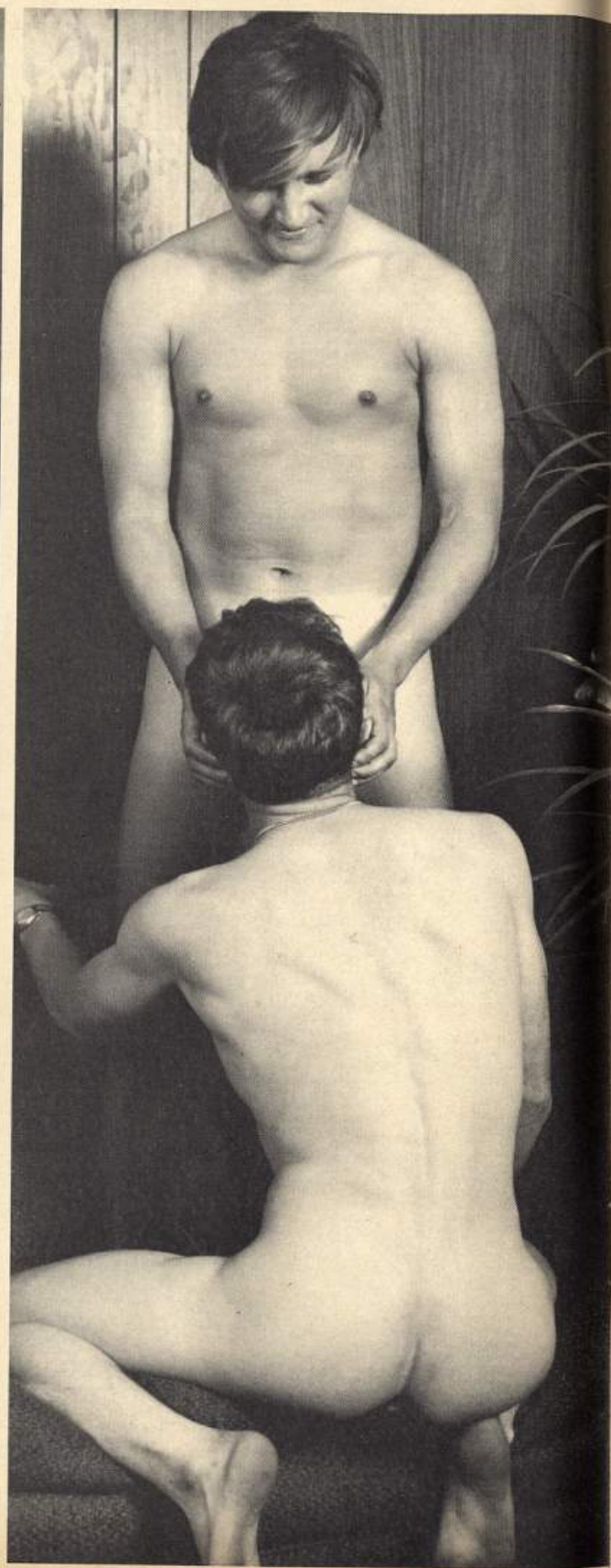
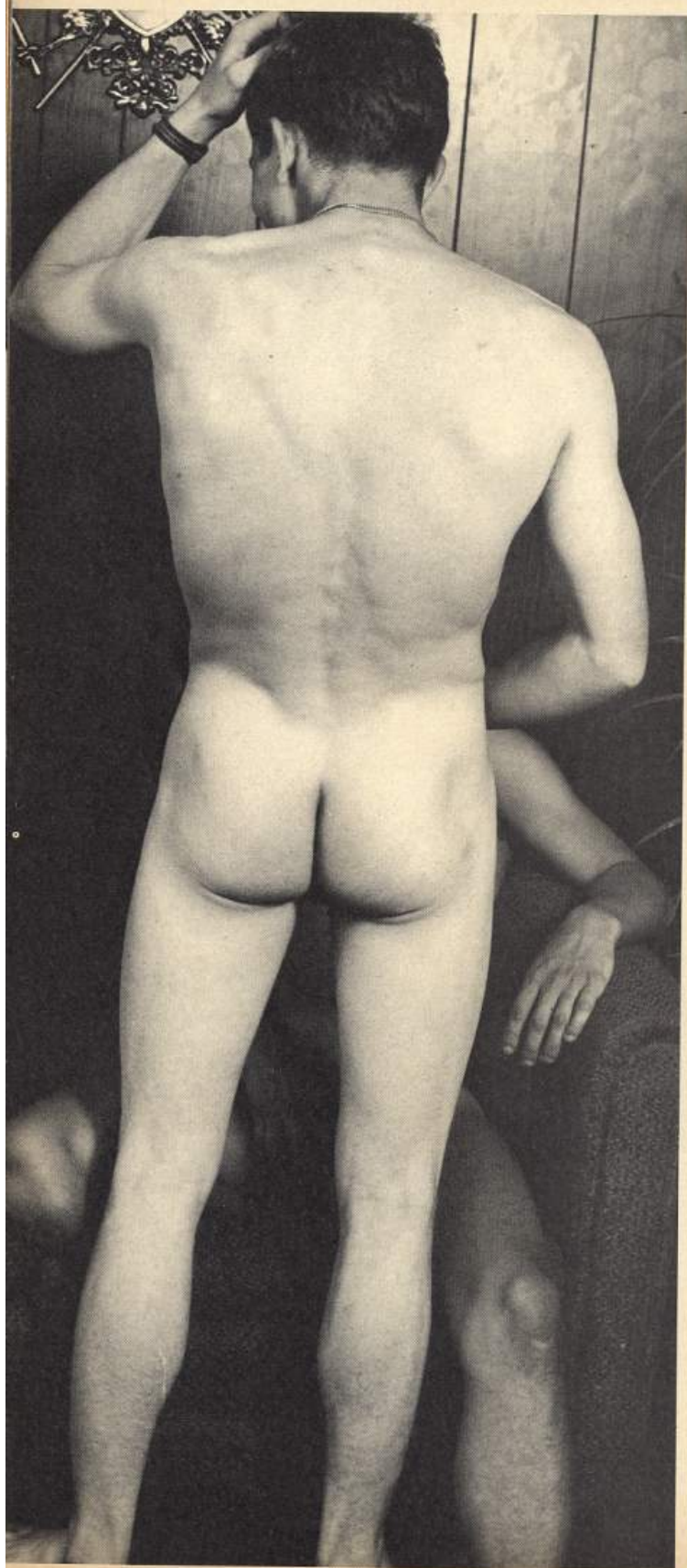
You quit kidding yourself about being a lone wolf—a great force in the world who can do

without the ordinary people. You shave and dress up. Nobody's going to talk to you if you're dirty. You try to remember what a smile feels like and then stand there looking at the mirror to make sure you have it right. You know it isn't right, but it'll have to do. Maybe the smile isn't all that important.

Maybe if you're just clean enough, somebody will like you. That's what matters. Somebody has to like you.

You walk downstairs past the numbered apartment doors. Lots of doors—lots of people. They all know somebody, maybe they even know each other, but they never noticed you. You get













outside and your head starts to clear. Now it isn't a complex horrible thing anymore. At least that's the way it is for me. When you're out on the sidewalk, you can breathe. The edges start to sharpen up. Things are more black and white. Either you'll find somebody, or you won't. Usually, you will.

You may think that holding out an unlit cigarette is a pretty corny bit, but it usually works. And its not uncomfortable like asking directions or standing around the bookstalls on Las Palmas to see who buys the *ADVOCATE*.

I was lucky that Saturday morning. I'd been there by the lamp post less than half an hour when a nice-looking guy stopped and offered me a light. He asked





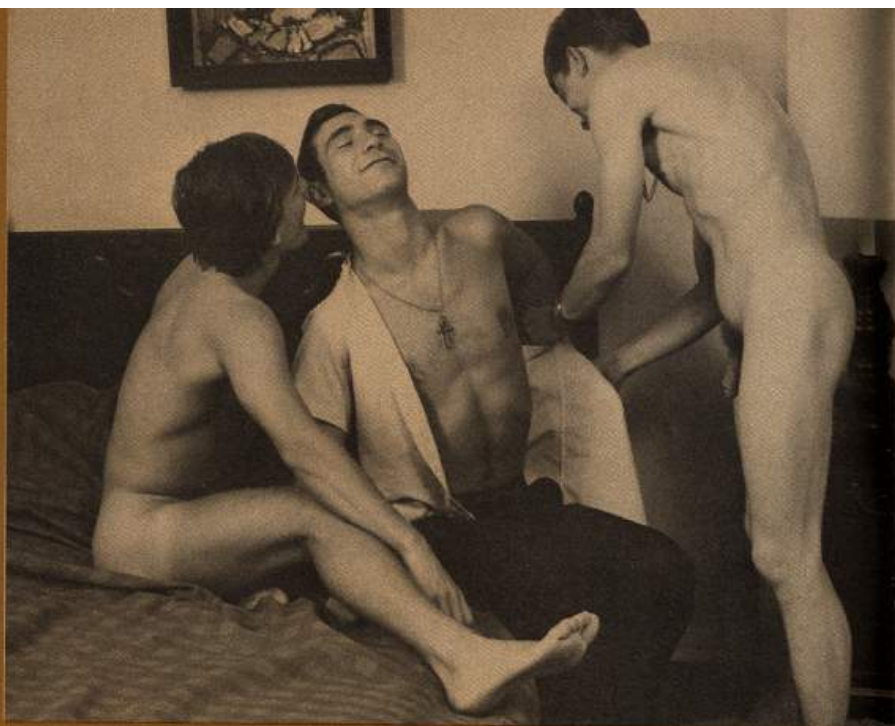


me up to his place for a drink. I usually don't start drinking this early in the day, but I didn't hesitate for a second. He was good-looking. He had a nice voice. I figured he'd be a good talker and that's what I was after—somebody to talk to.

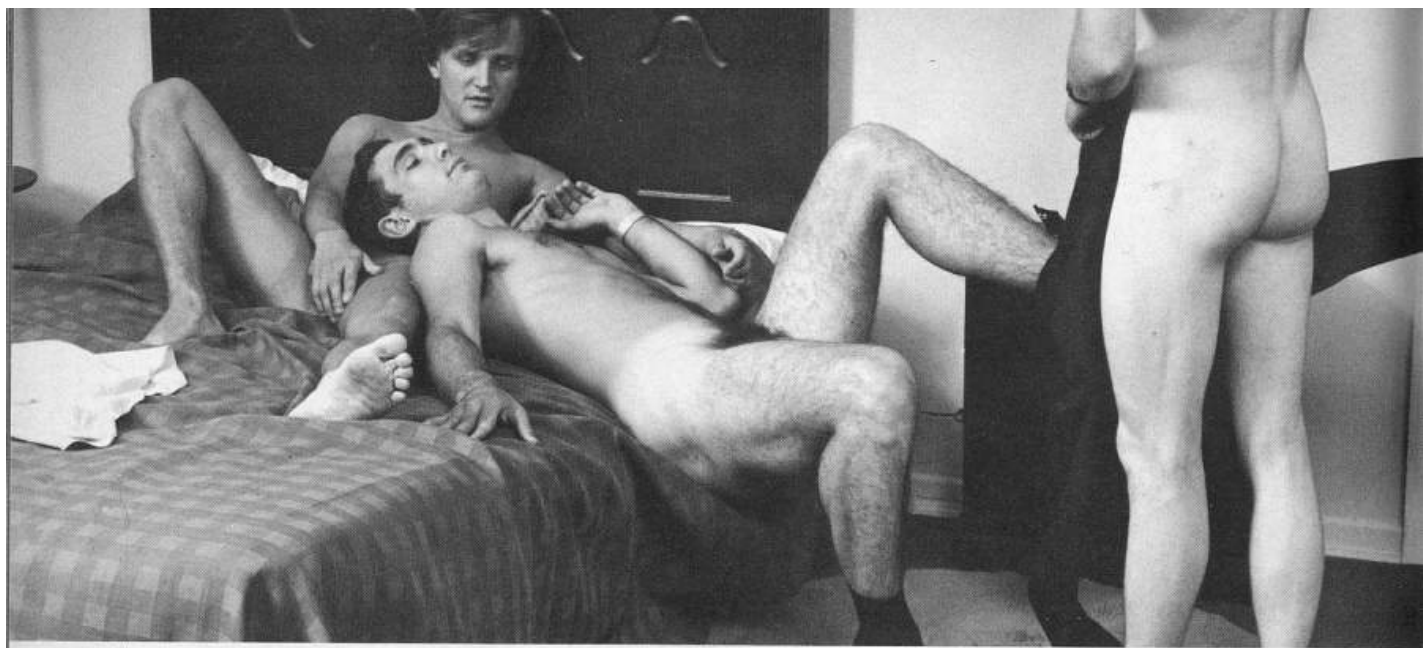
As we walked to his apartment I thought I noticed another guy following us from across the street. For a second I thought it might be some kind of a setup. I looked at my new friend again, though, and decided he looked too honest to be in on anything like that.

Up at his place, he told me his name was Peter. Peter's apartment was one of those slightly cold, modern places that look like a lot of others. I prefer an older place with a little more character. I didn't mind this really. The room had an honest friendly atmosphere.

Peter mixed a strong drink. I was thankful for that, because it made conversation easier. Pete is a young theatrical producer who came out from New York to get











away from the cold winters. He admitted that the gay scene in Los Angeles still scared him a little. Back in New York, he said, it's easier to get introduced around by friends. Out here you have to go to gay bars or meet people on the street when you're new in town.

We talked in this semi-serious vein for a while. Then the

alcohol began to take effect. It wasn't long until we were both completely relaxed. Soon, it was as though we had known each other for years. Peter put on some records. We had a couple more drinks. Then the whole outside world ceased to exist. The traffic in the streets outside subsided into a dull background noise. The thoughts I had been









battling for the last week went to sleep and I was free. Things started to swing and I felt myself floating beyond the hard real world of Hollywood.

We grooved in each other's bodies and on our mutual escape from loneliness and anonymity. These are the moments you think of and wait for. These are the times that you think of and remember when you're lost and lonely again.

I don't think we were making much noise. Besides, the music from the stereo probably covered it. I was transported—cut off from the real world a little. There was a knock at the door. It turned out to be the guy who I saw down on the street—the one I thought was following us on the way up. I guess that somehow he had heard us and knew that we were having a good time. He said he knew that he really shouldn't have interrupted, but he had noticed us on the street. He was obviously one of us. He was lonelier than either of us. Peter welcomed him. I was glad. That meant that nobody owned anyone.

















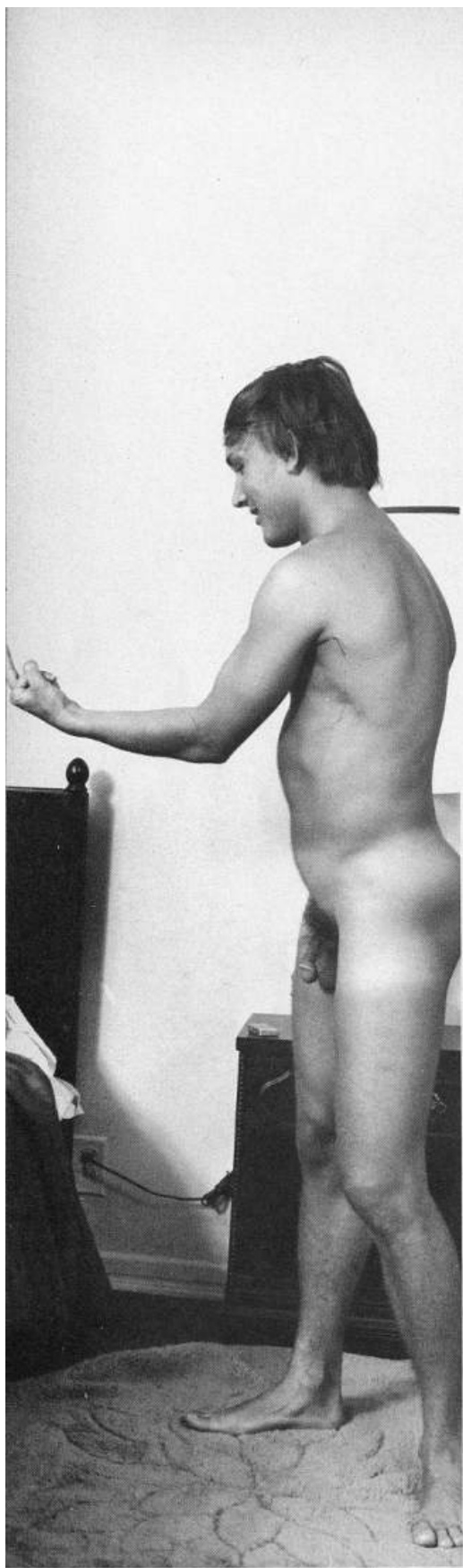












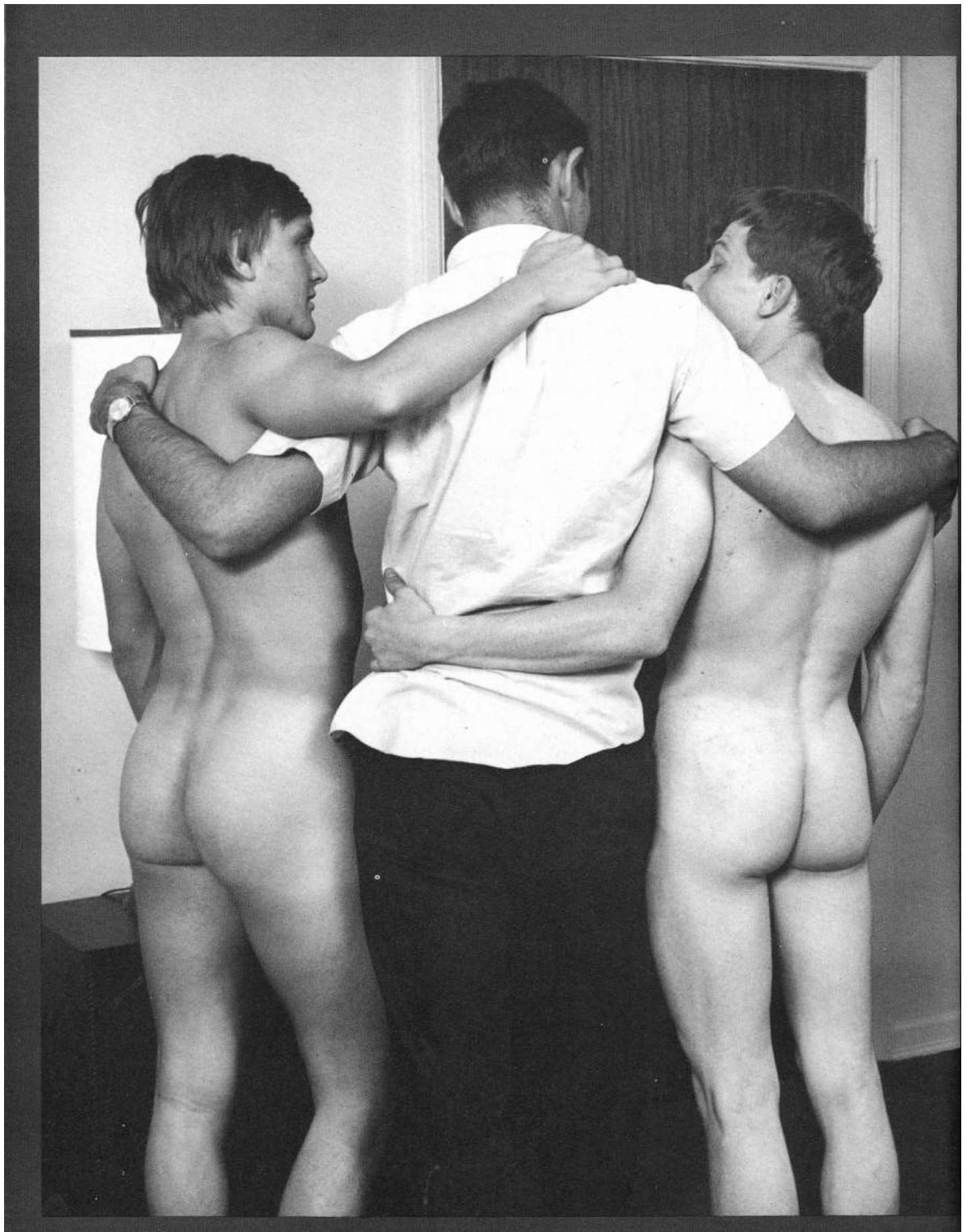


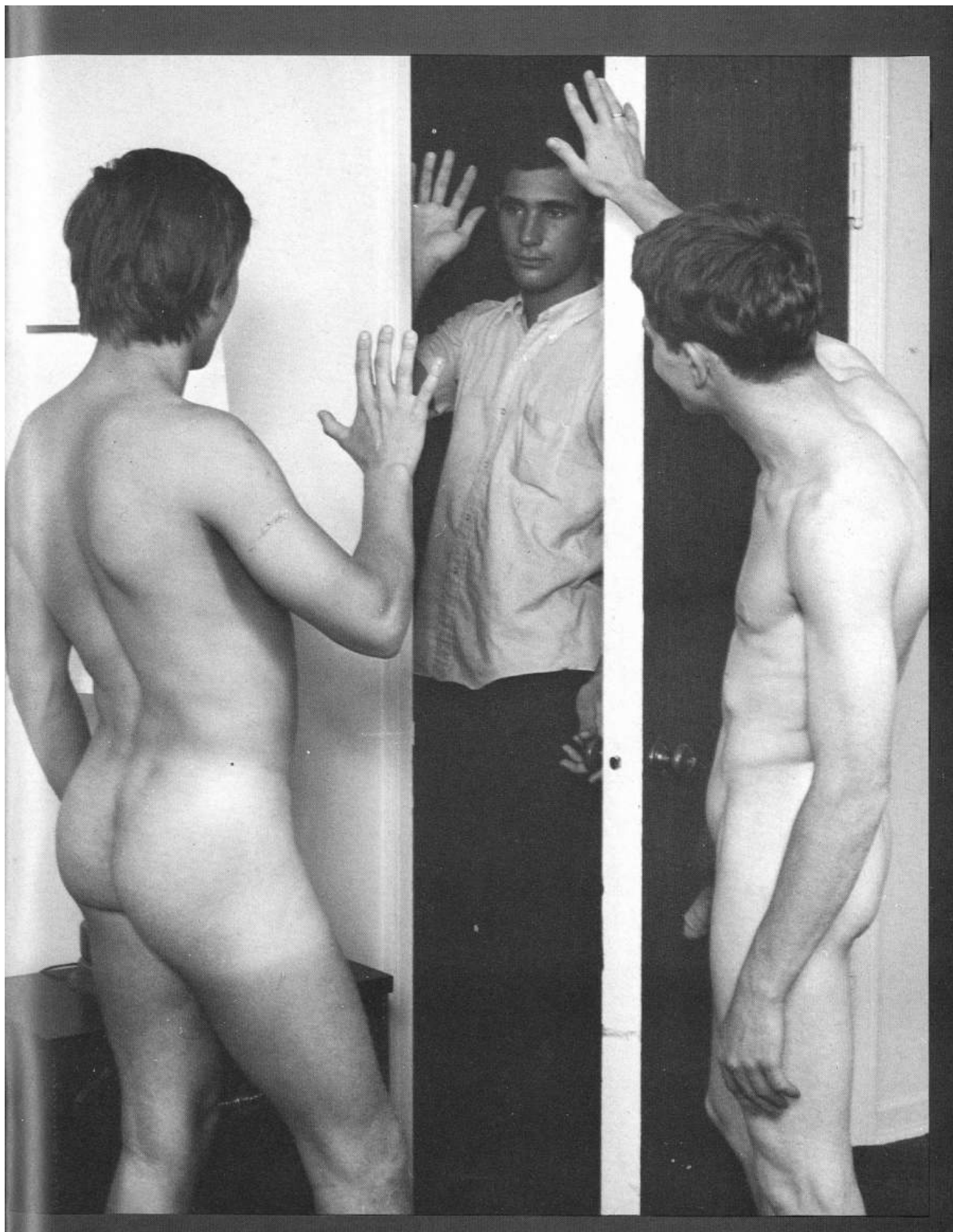






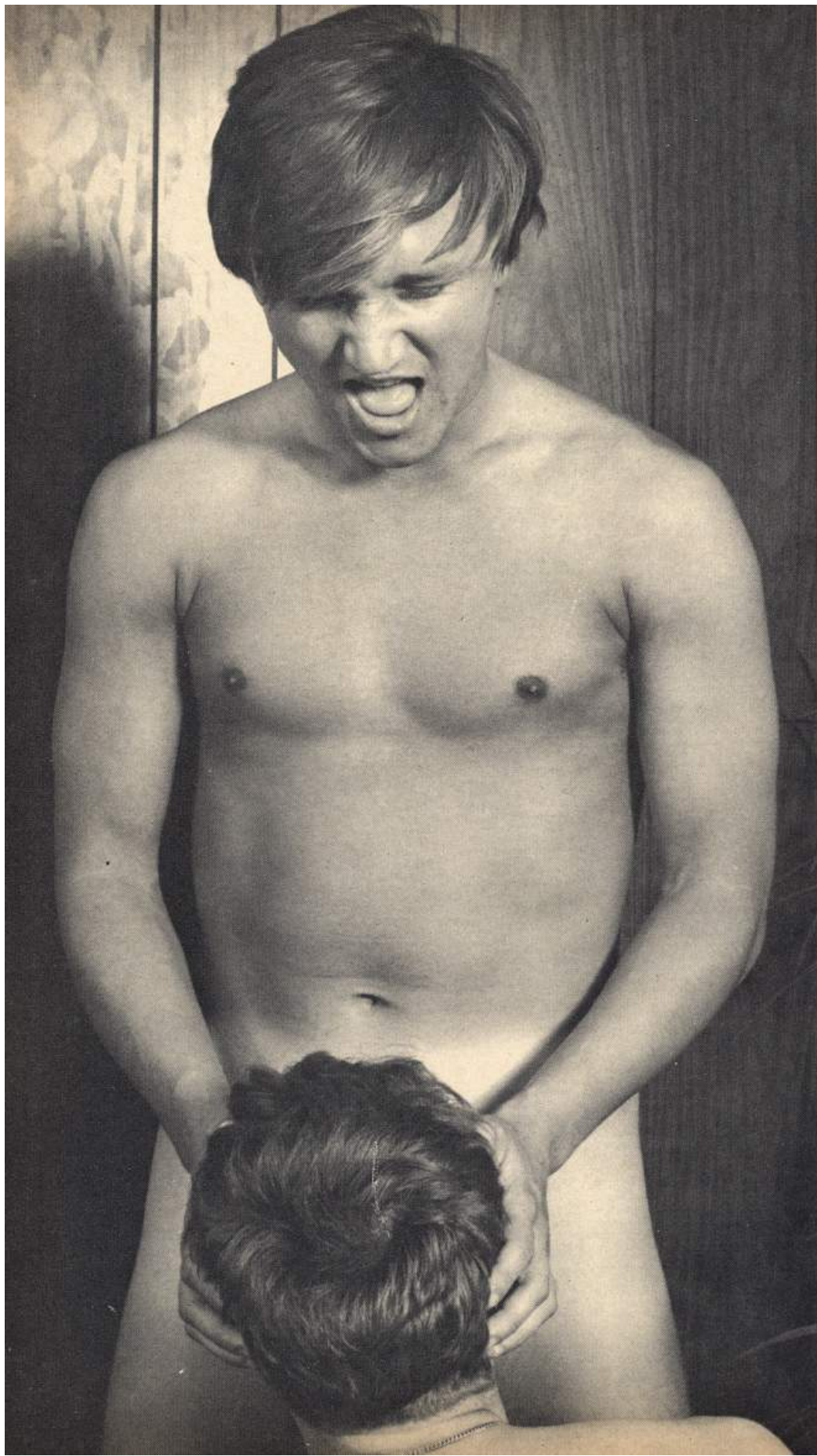


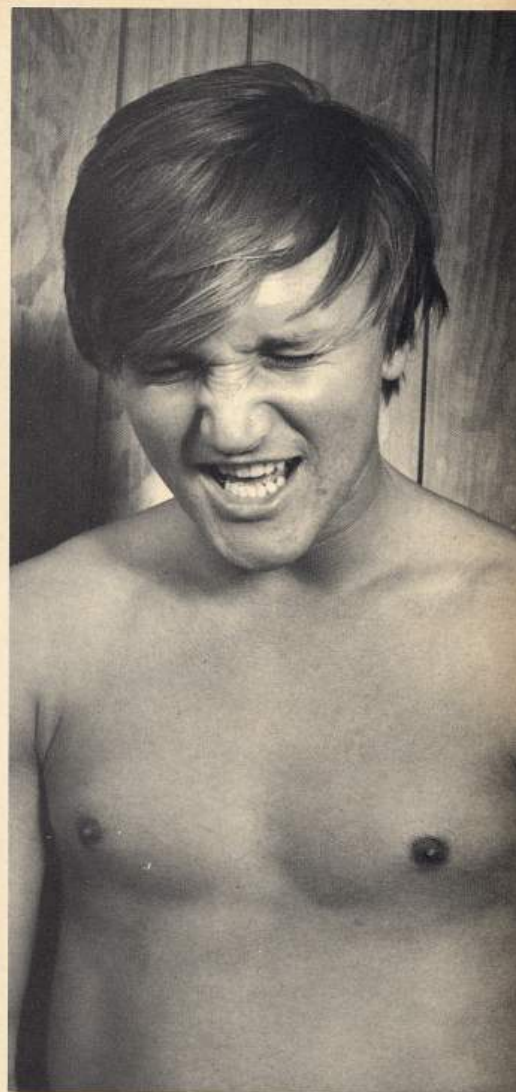








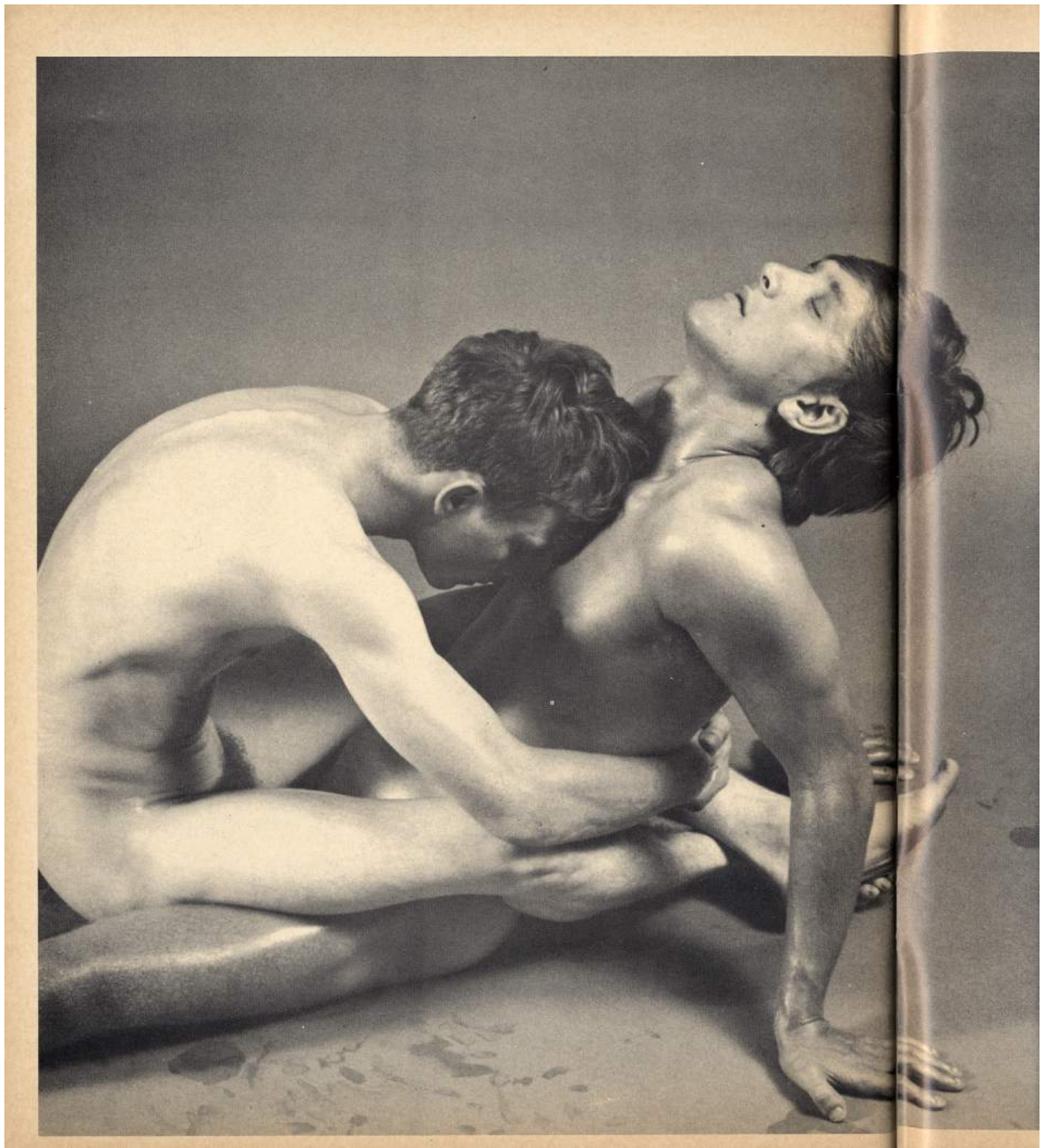




The three of us all got along well. This other guy's name was Scott. That's all he said about himself. I guessed all the rest. It didn't matter anyway. In a while, Scott explained that he had to be on his way, but that he was glad he had stopped by. Peter told



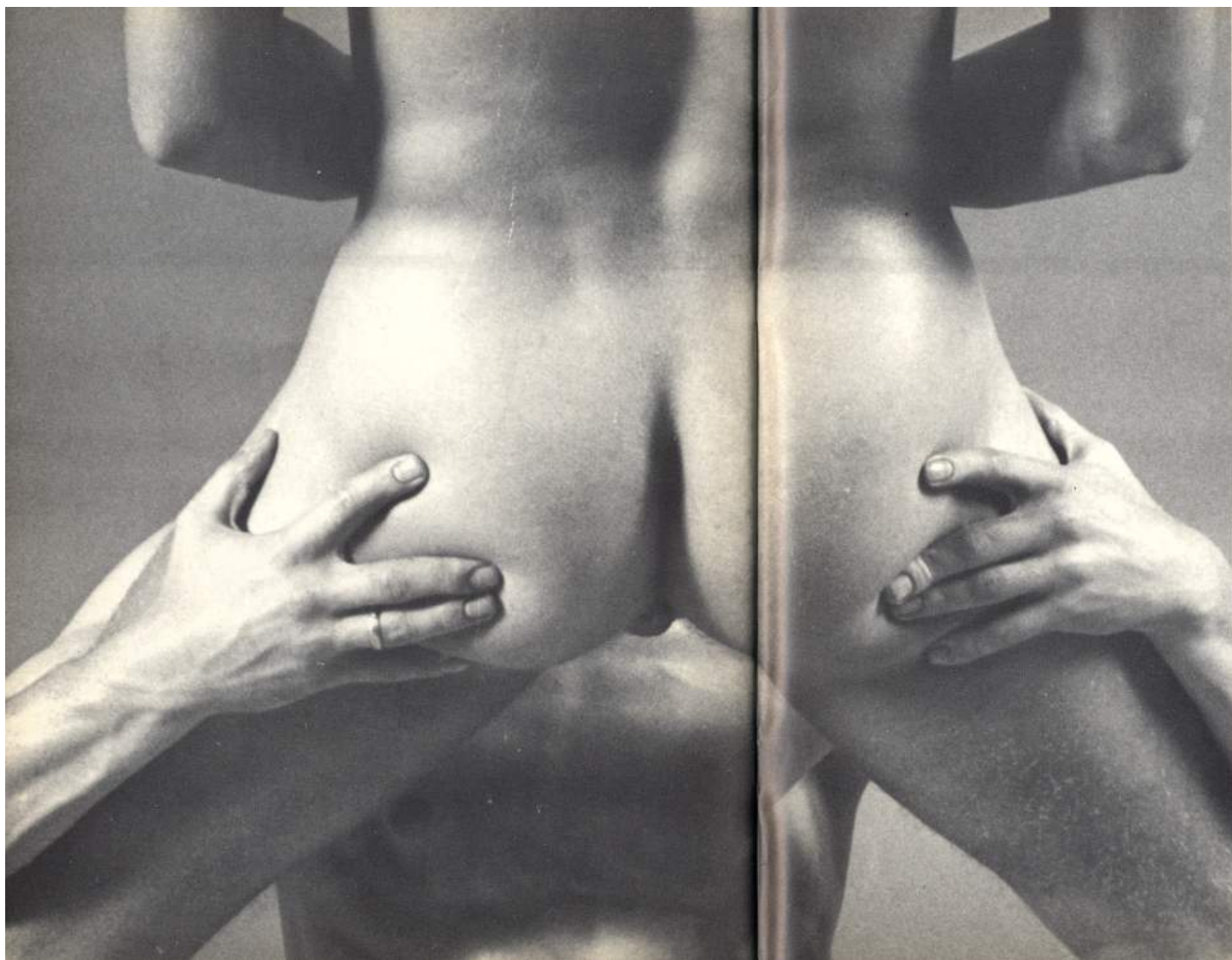


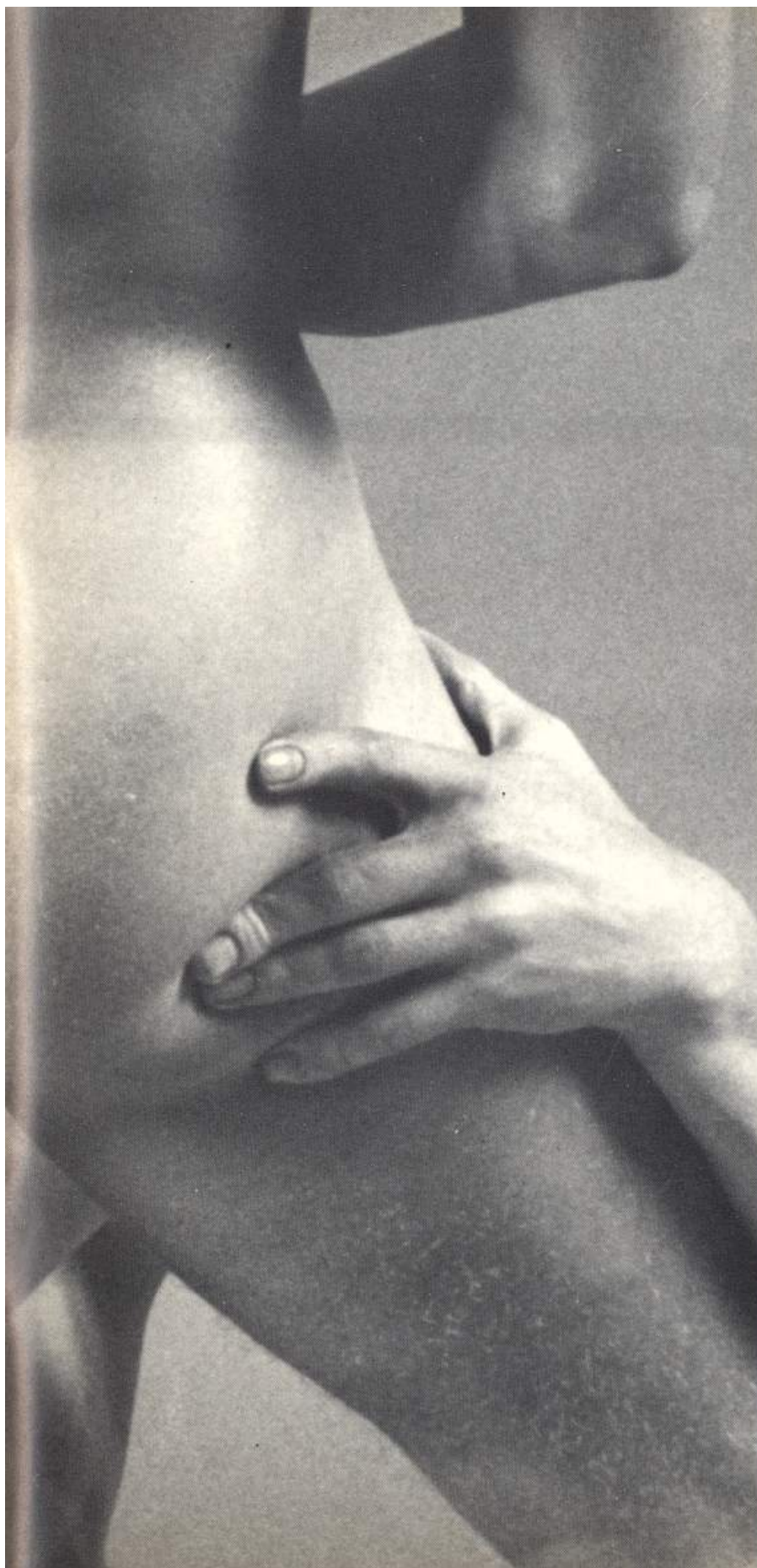












him that he was welcome back any time. Peter gave him his telephone number. Scott asked how he could get in touch with me. Peter smiled and said that he could reach me at the same number. I don't like the feeling of being owned, like I said, but it gave me a warm feeling like somebody cared. Peter and I were both a little glad when Scott had left.

